

Rev. Henry C. Wriple Brooklyn, April 11, 1836.

Esteemed Brother:

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<sup>April 6.</sup> I hasten to reply to your very kind and urgent letter, which has just come to hand.

You write in behalf of our Board of Managers, desiring me to locate myself in Boston or its vicinity, instead of remaining at a distance of "150 miles" — (Brooklyn, however, is but 70 miles from Boston.) Your reasons for my return are certainly weighty, and urged with affectionate persuasion. Happy am I to be thus estimated by you, and grateful do I feel to the Board for its generous proposal, respecting the enlargement of my salary. It is my desire to pursue that course which will best advance the holy cause of liberty, and make the Liberator most formidable to tyrants. All that I have must be made subservient to this end. For several reasons, I could wish to be in Boston, some of which you have specified. It is an advantage to an editor to be able to read the proof-sheet, and direct the arrangement, of each number of his paper. There are local incidents frequently occurring, which need to be chronicled, but which by his absence are liable to neglect. — It is also a privilege to unite in counsel with those whose province it is to manage the vast machinery, by which slavery is to be ground to powder. For myself, I feel it is of some consequence that the curious and the inquiring should see and converse with me freely, owing to the ludicrous as well as hurtful misapprehensions which so widely obtain, respecting my principles and designs. This is one side of the question.

Had it not been for Mrs. G's delicate state of health, which would not safely allow her to return to Boston after the riot in October, we should not have remained in this village the past winter. The warm season is now rapidly approaching, during which it is most undesirable to be in a populous city. As few meetings can then be held, my presence will be less necessary — i. e. my constant presence, because I shall visit Boston perhaps as often as once a month, should I elect to remain here. In the course of a few weeks, there will



be daily, intercourse between this place and Boston, so that newspapers and letters may be forwarded either way with all celerity. — I am now residing here on the score of economy to our cause. This is indeed a home, most desirable in itself, suited to my love of retirement, and of course peculiarly endearing to my dear Helen, surrounded as she is at this interesting crisis by father, mother, sisters and friends; yet she is ready, at any moment, cheerfully to go when and where I please. In this cause, her will is my will — my desires are her desires — we are indeed one. Besides, I shall unquestionably be able to write more for the Liberator, and to conduct a larger correspondence, here, than I could in Boston, for many obvious reasons. Observe, dear brother — I only propose to abide here through sultry Summer's reign, should our lives be graciously spared; and by the first of September we shall return to Boston, there to remain.

It is not necessary for me to enlarge, as, in consequence of your letter and the proceedings of the Board, I purpose to be in Boston on Thursday next, when we will discuss these matters face to face.

The review of Dr. Channing, in the Atlas, I have not seen. If its sentiments out-Herod Herod — if they are worse than those of M'Duffie — the more certain it is that we have begun our reform just when it is most needed. "Why don't you go to the South?" is a cuckoo cry that is now seldom heard. — Nor have I seen the reviews in the Christian Spectator — I suppose they are from the pen of Leonard Bacon. "Channing — Andrews — Winslow — all praised to the highest," you say. O'Connell is right — a colonization stomach will eat iron like anything — it will digest it like an ostrich.

\* Another slave State is to be added to our Union — even without one note of remonstrance in Congress! Rely upon it, Texas too will soon be ours — and then it seems to me will follow a dissolution of the Union, or the entire subjugation of the free States to the mill of the bloody South. Save us, O God!

Gratefully and affectionately yours,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.